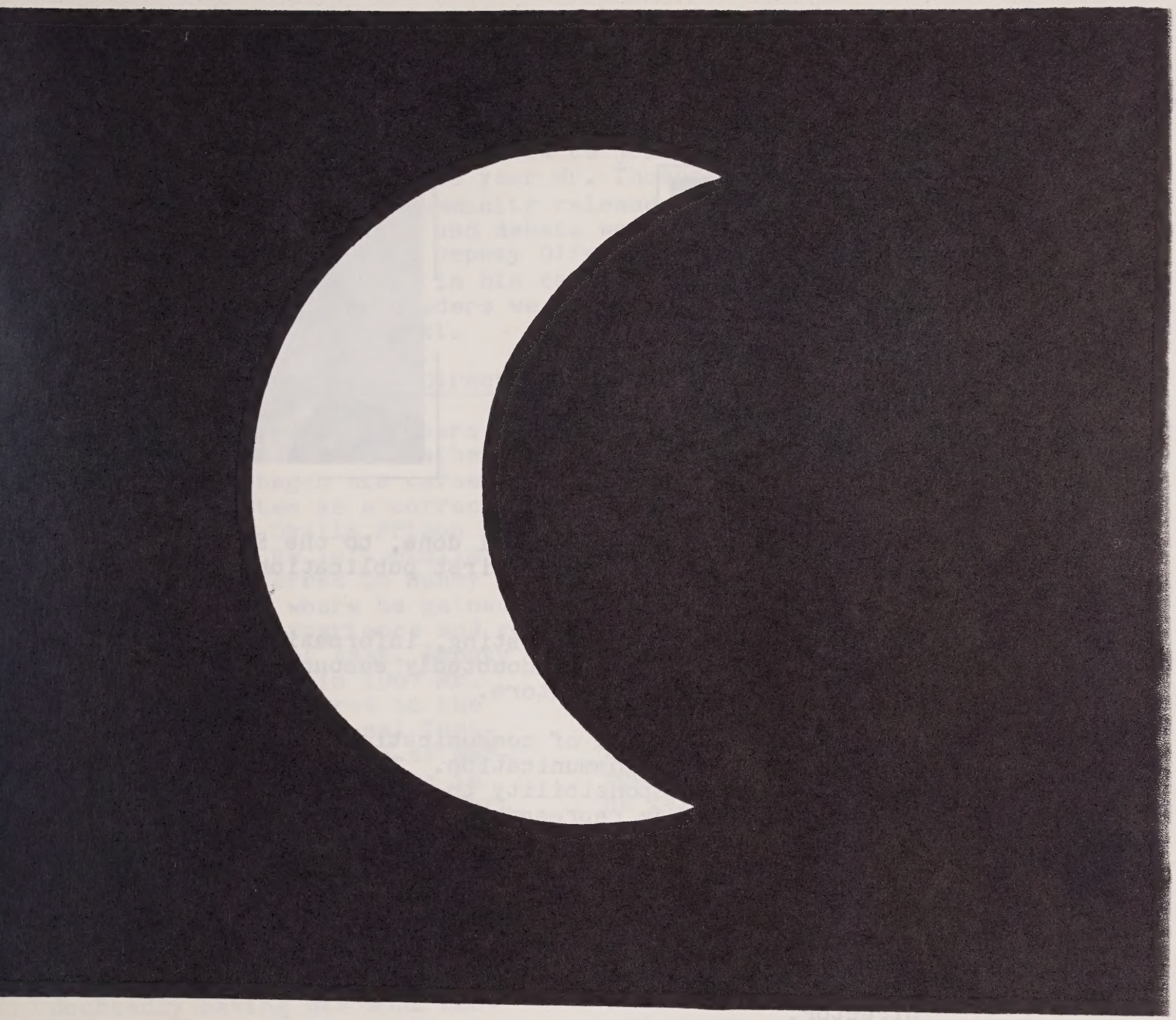

TERMINATOR

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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R. Desrochers.

R. Zubrycki.

Congratulations for a job well done, to the Editors and reporters on this, your first publication of the "Terminator".

I found this edition interesting, informative and controversial. It will undoubtedly encourage readers to become future contributors.

Newspapers are a media of communication superior to all other means of communication. To this end, the Editors have a responsibility to their readers and to the members they represent to be fair, honest and impartial.

I wish you well and look forward to future editions.

Raymond Desrochers,
Director.

The word "Terminator" is a space-age term, it refers to that line on the moon which seperates the light from the dark sector. It is our sincere hope that the "Terminator" will serve to illuminate.

Cover by R.J. Anderson.

NEW PERSONALITIES

Since the retirement of Warden Harris one has had the feeling that this institution has been in a state of flux, it was generally held that Mr. Tegman and Deputy Thompson were destined for other areas. Late in the summer of 1973 Mr. Tegman departed to join the Ontario correctional Services and in January of this year Mr. Thompson left to assume his new post as Director of the community release center in Winnipeg.

After much speculation and debate we now have our new director, Mr. R. Desrochers and our new Deputy Director/Socialization, Mr. R. Zubrycki. Mr. John Lavoie continues in his capacity as Deputy Director/Security. For the benefit of our readers we offer a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Desrochers and Mr. Zubrycki.

Mr. Raymond Desrochers - Director

Mr. Desrochers is 48 years of age, married and is the father of six sons. He began his career in the prison system as a correctionnal officer at Okalla Prison Farm, B.C. in 1948. He left Okalla in 1957 and transferred to Haney Institution, B.C. where he gained administrative experience and rose to the position of Asst. Deputy Warden/Security. In 1967 Mr. Desrochers transferred to the Peace River Correctional Institution where he served as Warden. He left this posting in 1971 to serve as Warden of Fort Saskatchewan gaol until his move to this institution in January of this year.

Mr. Desrochers is an outdoorsman at heart, he enjoys getting out into the wilds with a fishing rod and some camping gear. Undoubtedly having six sons contributed to this bent. His indoor activities include curling and bowling, and no doubt his good wife has had him in the dishpan a few times over the years.

Mr. Richard Zubrycki -Asst. Dir./Soc.

Mr. Zubrycki is married, 38 years of age and has two children. We are informed that he also has a dog, a cat and two mice. (talk about coexistence) Mr. Zubrycki obtained his B.A. at what is now the University of Winnipeg and he studied for his M.S.W. at the University of Manitoba. After graduation he worked for 8 years with the Probational Services Department of Manitoba.

Mr. Zubrycki then transferred to the Ontario Correctional System, he worked at regional headquarters as coordinator of social development. He left that post to take up his duties in this institution.

Mr. Zubrycki confesses to being a stereo buff of sorts. He acknowledges 2 weaknesses, good food and a good cigar. We are told that he has been ordered to quit smoking so we will not be the ones to tell his wife that he sneaks the odd cigar.

On balance it would appear that Mr. Desrochers and Mr. Zubrycki bring a great deal of experience to this institution; Indications are that both men are proponents of modern penological thinking. We feel that we speak for staff and inmates alike when we say that we hope there is now a firm - but FAIR hand at the helm.

* * * *

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Terminator is published bi-monthly under the authority of Paul Faguy, Commissioner of Penitentiaries.

EDITORIAL

It is with considerable satisaction that we introduce this entirely new institutional publication. Our congratulations go out to the Inmate Committee for having recognized the need for a house organ - there is a continuing need of a medium for communication and expression.

This is a new generation publication. We have made a sincere effort to present a magazine that reflects quality - both in structure and content. Our compliments to Yvan Roy and Mona Ricks (co-editors of the new prison staff magazine DISCUSSION), we compliment you on your fine effort. You have set a standard upon which we shall set our own sights. We recognize of course that financial limitations will dictate the physical quality of our product, nevertheless, we can demonstrate responsible journalism as we deal with the issues that effect us all.

We are setting our sights high, our goal is to have the finest penal publication in North America. We leave it to you the reader to decide if we have achieved our goal. Comments and criticism will at all times be welcomed - and we mean from all sectors. Your literary contributions will be the stuff that will enable us to go to press on a regular basis.

We particularly want to hear from those in the community who have loved ones in the prison system. Let us know of the problems that you encounter, the frustrations that you endure. It is through knowledge and understanding that your particular concern may be resolved. Your views will be published - anonymously if you wish - but we do ask that you identify yourself to the editor.

We have come a long way since the days when our predecessor THE MOUNTAIN ECHO was a regular issue. Those where the days of a five man Echo staff, getting the issue out was their full time job. They did so by hand setting the type and feeding an old platen press - one sheet at a time. Nevertheless, they demonstrated the value of a good institutional magazine. In their time they enjoyed the co-operation and support of the Warden and his staff - we hope that this spirit of mutual endeavour may be rekindled.

We hope that you will like our cover - we felt that the word - TERMINATOR, in this context, aptly defines the transitional phase through which we are presently going. Perhaps in our own small way we can ease the growing pains by injecting humor and understanding into the process.

Editor.

"WHERE DO YOU WANT TO WORK?"

As one might expect, that is the lead off question put to you by the work board in this institution.

As a regular feature of this magazine we hope to provide you with answers to questions such as: why you, a qualified mechanic might be working in the laundry, or a young man fresh out of grade 12 might be in the mail bag shop.

We are beginning this series with an interview of Mr. Dick J, Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard wears many hats and in our opinion he wears them well. He is Supervisor of Production and Training, Supervisor of Industrial Vocational Training & Academic Facilities, Chairman, Inmate Training Board (work placement section) and a member of the Grading Board.

Mr. Sheppard was born in England nigh on to fifty years ago. He and his wife reside in East Kildonan and they have 2 children. Mr. Sheppard starting doing his bit 14 years ago - his title then was Asst. Chief Trades Instructor.

For hobbies he curls and golfs- he is the only golfer in the province who sets out on the course with two sets of clubs and an aqualung. His life ambition is to break 139. We hear that he has modified his curling slide - something to do with unexpected ventilation in his trousers during a certain game. He's referred to as a $5.00 Canadian - something to do with obtaining his citizenship.His favorite phrase is "Industrial Shops seem to be the place to go when there is nothing else to do." I might add that Mr. Sheppard gave freely of his time for this interview - it was a pleasant experience for your reporter. If we can continue to enjoy this candid and friendly cooperation as we set out to interview all of the senior staff we should bring you some interesting reading.

Questions and Answers

Q. What areas are covered by Production and Training and who are the department heads?
A. Production - Mr. Ed. Bobbie
Vocational - Mr. Fred Instance
Academic - Mr. Al Shirtliffe
Related Training - Mr. L. Kolb

Q. What are the Industrial Shops?
A. Sheet Metal, Machine Shop, Tailors, Furniture Finishing, Canvas, and Carpenter Industrial.

Q. What are the Vocational Shops?
A. Brick School, General Shops, Auto Repairs and Mechanics Shop and all Industrial Correspondence Courses.

Q. What can you offer academically?
A. Instructors are available to residents at all levels of education from elementary grades through university. Actually, a person could come here as an illiterate and leave with his degree. That of course requires that he have sufficient time and be properly motivated. This same individual could go the Industrial-Vocational route and emerge as a journeyman tradesman.

Q. Would you explain the related training program.
A. Related training is available to any resident, he may or may not be engaged in some course or training program - that is not a criteria. We have approximately 100 men attending this program on a half-day-weekly basis. Lectures or films on industrial safety are example of what is covered here.

Our Vocational Shops offer the Apprenticeship Training Program under the Provincial Department of Labor. Upon the completion of one of these programs the Dept. of Labor will assist in Job placement of the individual.

Upon leaving the institution a man demonstrates his abilities to the employer for three months. At the end of that time the Dept. Of Labor examiner will sit down with the man and the employer and evaluate the man with respect to their apprenticeship requirements. If that man had 10 months of training while here it does not necessarily mean that he will be credited with 10 months at the time of evaluation by the department. If it is decided that he has gained the experience and knowledge of a fourth year apprentice - then he will be awarded that certification.

This is a unique arrangement and it applies only to this province. Of course this also implies that a man could be downgraded by the examiner, it all depends on the individual. People who transfer in from out of the province should take note that these apprenticeship credits are not portable.

The Work Board

Q. As a young, inexperienced newcomer to the institution what could I expect from the work board?
A. You would probably be placed in the General Shops area, here you would be taught basic skills and you would attend Industrial Arts classes. This would lead to Vocational assessment and a transfer to that area in which you demonstrate an aptitude.

Q. If I were 30 years of age and skilled or semi-skilled where might I work?
A. An effort would be made to assign you to the area of your choice providing there is a vacancy and you meet security qualifications. For example electricians, plumbers, masons etc., must be cleared to work outside the walls.

Q. The same question - but now assume that I am a repeater.
A. Again, considering the question of vacancy and security we would try and fit you to the job. Being a repeater means of course that we would know something about you, this could work for or against you.

Q. Does the work board have priorities?
A. The board gives priority to first offenders.

Q. We have a lot of men sitting idle in the wings, why is this?
A. I am aware of this problem - to help solve it we formed a utility gang. We had hoped to reopen the quarry and to start a furniture upholstering shop, we were not able to get staff or funds for these projects. In some cases of idleness it is by choice of the inmate or the staff concerned. We do have a serious problem with over-crowding and a lack of facilities.

Q. Could we copy the United States programs where they manufacture goods for industry. For example Walla Walla State Pen., manufactures television and stereo cabinets for major manufacturers.
A. No. The Penitentiary act states that we cannot accept contracts for private industry. We can manufacture for the Federal Government and for non-profit organizations. We produce a lot of equipment for community clubs, service groups and community playgrounds.

Well the editor just walked by me mumbling something about throwing me out of an airplane without a paracute if I made this article any longer. I fall like a rock so here are a few closing remarks from Mr. Sheppard.

We are always striving to get newer and larger shop facilities. These are approved for the future but we would like to see them now.

I would like to see a sounder pay system for inmates. There should be more reward for the person who is well motivated and shows improvement than for the fellow who just goes through the motions. Reward could be in the form of both higher pay and more remission.

Pet Peeves - There is too much movement in the institution, this should be better coordinated. This

would enable inmates to concentrate on set fields rather than fragmented ideas.

eg. A man working in the Machine Shop will have passes to go to the Chapel, to V & C and to classification - all in the same afternoon. This is unfair to both the inmate and the instructor because he cannot possibly complete an assignment under these conditions.

Shelly - Good news. Mr. Sheppard informs me that there are more employers looking for men from this institution than there are men available. So there is work available if you want it.

Well fellows if everything goes wrong and you end up back here - go to the work board. You already have the opening question "Where do you want to Work"?

Next issue - G. Sudol, Supervisor of Classification.
E. Plamondon, Supervisor of Food Services.

by; Dennis Schellenberg.

UNDERCOVER ARTIST

The west wall of the prison dome is an expanse of blue, orange and yellow - and just a mite touch of splotched black. Some nefarious soul demonstrated his frustration by tossing a bag of black paint on the psychadelic background.

We admire your spirit whoever you are - but we deplore your choice of action. Sure the system is lousy, and those walls no matter how pretty they are, are nevertheless there for just one thing - to keep you and me securely locked in. But let's use a little class. We are looking for a good Union organizer, not to mention a good reporter. The pen is still mightier than the sword - allbiet a bit slower and even cons, properly organized, can be a force for change. We want to have more say in the organization of our lives, that means we must take on responsibility. And when you are given responsibility you must act responsible. So come on over to our side - we need your energy.

****

M A N D A T O R Y P A R O L E
The Straight Goods

This is the most misunderstood piece of legislation that has ever (hit) the institution. The guys that we talked to are of the opinion that the rules of regular parole do not apply to mandatory parole. After all this time - it applies to everyone sentenced or transferred to a federal institution after Aug. 1, 1970 - you would think that authorities would have made this point quite clear.

> Paragraph (e) of section 8, section 9, section 11 and sections 12 to 17 apply to an inmate who is subject to mandatory supervision as though he were a paroled inmate on parole and as though the terms and conditions of his mandatory supervision were terms and conditions of his parole.

So there it is men. The Board says that if one who is selected for parole needs help - then a man who is not selected for parole needs help even more.

***

PAROLE BOARD CONTROVERSY

One of the most controversial issues in years has been the new mandatory parole ruling. The kindest thing that can be said about it is 'shortsighted.' At the other end of the scale the remarks are positively unprintable.

People as a rule do not bend to the will of others unless there is a reason for doing so, this term can be better called motivation. Over the years prison directors have been able to control their charges because they had something

to offer - this something was time off for good behavior. This "good time" was approximately 1/3 of a man's sentence, it was sufficient to keep a man mindful of it - and to conduct himself accordingly.

Recently, a new directive found its way out of Ottawa, in effect this directive abolished all good time. Previously a man serving three years could expect to leave prison at the end of two years, free and unencumbered. Mandatory parole has changed all of that. With mandatory parole in force every man who leaves prison today is required to do his good time on parole. By definition, parole means that one serves his sentence while at large - under definite regulations and controls. Under these circumstances he is subject to the whims of capricious parole officers who regularly return men to prison without giving reason. For the parolee this is a tenuous existence.

At first glance, this method, designed to impose controls on all men who leave prison, would appear to have some social merit. But as is so often the case, first glances can be deceptive.

Many inmates refuse to apply for parole, they want no part of parole officers who they regard as an extension of both the prison service and the police force. Consequently these men are now forced into a parole condition which they have no intention of honoring. And it should be remembered that it takes a great deal of time and money to prepare a man for release on parole. A man released under such circumstances will quickly violate his parole - he might do nothing more than change his place of residence, even such small considerations require the approval of ones supervisor.

It generally does not take long for an enforced parolee to invoke the displeasure of his supervisor, when that happens he is returned to prison. Now this "do it our way or go back to prison" philosophy would be alright if Canada had another 10 or 20 prisons. But we don't have, and the inevitable is happening. Our prisons are bulging at the seams and the backlog of men waiting for prison reservations is growing daily. We are rapidly heading to a crisis situation, either we change the rules of the game or we spend millions of dollars on new institutions. We already bear the dubious distinction of imprisoning more people per capita than any other nation in the world. Those who operate our justice system seem to live with this distinction quite nicely so perhaps they see still more prisons as the answer.

We predict that the mandatory parole ruling will quickly be removed from the statutes - it's a bad piece of legislation and we are confident that those in authority are beginning to realize it. The basic reason that it will not work is because the prison system suffers from three major dificiencies.
(1) Inmates see mandatory parole as a form of double jeopardy. It is a sneaky way of taking away their good time and their resentment is not consistent with that mental attitude required to succeed on parole.
(2) The majority of men still leave prison untrained and unqualified, they simply are not prepared to set down roots and become good citizens.
(3) Parole supervisors are not seen as friendly and interested counsellors, rather, they are the enemy. The lines of communication simply do not exist.

Not content with this additional control over the lives of ex-inmates the board has now reached into the prison itself. In the past year and a half paroles have been as scarce as hen's teeth, a great many inmates find this discouraging, particularly in view of the fact that classification officers encourage their charges to apply for parole. Most inmates accept this encouragement as tacit understanding that they are considered good parole risks - consequently they build up their hopes for parole. The parole board in turn observed that an increasing number of the men that they turn down elect not to return to the penitentiary while out on day passes.

Some men, in their anger and frustration, award themselves a parole by simply not coming back. Unfortunately, when they are finally caught they face additional time.

Obviously there is something wrong with the system when the rules of the game are not understood by those involved. Instead of clarifying the ground rules the parole board arbitrarily chose a hard line. They decreed that any man who had been turned down for parole could not go out on day passes for six months. Witness the man with 6½ years served, and 3 or 4 years of proven integrity while out on regular passes. If he is serving a ten year sentence he will have approximately 1 year left to serve at the time of his parole denial. Nevertheless, all day pass priveledges would be lost - the idea being to cool him out for six months. Of course this meant that his family got cooled out too - but such are the inequities of penology.

B. Dansereau

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PROFILE

In this section we shall attempt to examine, in an analytical manner, the stuff that prisons and prisoners is all about. So often we see well intending authors digressing from their theme - simply because they do not comprehend that which they write about.

A prison might best be described as a foreign country. It's social values, it's customs and it's morality differs greatly from that of the outside community. No man travels to a foreign country and after an hour or a day comes away with any real knowledge of that which he saw. Impressions - yes. Understanding - no.

Since the lack of communication and understanding gives rise to most of the problems that beset the world today we might intelligently ask, "why have we created a foreign community within our own country?" And before you answer that - or even attempt to, let me caution you that you probably won't even come close. Like the rest of us you are a mere mortal, and we mortals are all burdened with our mind-bending prejudices. It is your prejudices that mould your opinion, that determines your attitude on prisons and dictate that which you expect of them. We are not about to try and reshape you and your prejudices - but we would like to see you work with a complete set of facts. Let's keep things nice and neat and deal with the issues in point form, if we just ramble along one of us might get lost - and it could be me.

WHO GOES TO PRISON?

Well we certainly have tackled the gut of the issue haven't we? Most people would automatically respond to this question with "the other guy - not me." Well just keep one thing in mind brethern, to the other guy - you are the other guy. "Ah yes" you say. "But these people are all.. ...you know - a certain type. They aren't honest folks like me." Really? I've been a guest of the government for over 11 years; let me share some of my experiences on this count with you. With very little effort I could compile a list of at least a dozen millionairs, fifty lawyers, half a dozen doctors, assorted engineers, educationalists, professional and businessmen - all of whom suddenly found themselves "the other guy."

Of course these people I've mentioned are a minority group and you can't in fairness build a case with minority figures. Anyone can tell you that by far the majority of men in prison are criminals. Fair enough. I'll buy that. But before I do I think we should be a bit more difinitive about things. After all, we are trying to be fair about this and we don't want to improperly categorize people.

What exactly is a criminal? Are you a criminal because you committed

a crime or are you a criminal because you ended up in prison? Honestly now, let's not let our prejudices carry the day. I think that we are going to agree on this one - enough of this and we might even become friends. Certainly the guy or gal who committed the crime is the criminal, it does not matter that he or she was not convicted and imprisoned. If it were otherwise then we would have to legitimize the mafia simply because they had not yet been put in prison. I led you into that one didn't I? And now you are going to a have second thoughts about it because if the criminal is the guy who commits a crime then a powerful lot of "honest folks" are going to squirm.

Anyone who breaks the law commits a crime friend - it's all a matter of degree. The teenagers who boost in the department stores are criminals, the housewife who lifts that package of bacon or that pair of stockings is a criminal, the tradesman who lugs material home from the job is a criminal, and the guy who beats the revenue boys is a criminal. But we did say that it was all a matter of degree didn't we? After all these are rather petty crimes and no one ever goes to prison for such minor offences. Or do they?

Some of you may recall the chap who got sentenced to the pen for stealing $2.68 worth of groceries. No, it wasn't for a lark. He was unemployed and he had some hungry children at home. And how about the guy who got 7 years in the pen because he drove off with a load of firewood that did not include a bill of sale. I clearly remember one fine looking 20 year old lad who found himself on the end of a two year sentence because he balled a fifteen year old girl. Actually it was she who seduced him but our laws being what they are....One chap unknowingly bought a hot toaster, he got two years to reflect on this exercise in commerce. At present there are about forty sex offenders in Stony Mountain., most of them are cream puffs compared with some of the sexual liberties taken by many of the solid set in the community. And do you know something that will serve to unsettle a lot of the nice little old ladies? Almost without exception, those who are sentenced to prison or jail for sex offences are not of the so called criminal element. That's right, they are the nice boy next door or the kindly old gentleman in the next block. Even the most doubting are aware that "skinners" are outcasts to the criminal element.

It has always comforted those who loathe the sex offender that they can direct their scorn to all prison inmates. Keep the criminals locked up and you keep the streets safe from rape artists. Nothing could be further from the truth. Tomorrows rape, and the one that will follow next week or next month will be the artisty of some nice fellow who lives next door. The odds are that he has a good attendance record in church too.

Now before everyone takes up arms to defend themselves from this omnipresent menace let's haul things back into perspective. Man's greatest instinct is that of survival - historically it has been at the expense of his neighbor. Today the instinct is still there but it has been refined and controlled to meet the requirements of our social norm I take back "refined". If we are going to be honest let's just say it's been controlled. And that's not self-controlled brother - that cop controlled. The truth of this statement lies in the events that anspired in Quebec recently. The Quebec police force went on strike for a couple of days, during that time and place the thin veneer that we call civility was quickly stripped away. Anarchy reared its ugly head as supposedly honest, law abiding citizens smashed store fronts and looted buildings. With the police out of the streets the primative instincts of the populace were given free rein. This was an object lesson in what to expect if societies "control mechanisms" is temporarily removed. It certainly makes us come to terms with ourselves and realize that the control mechanism of a

civilized community is not self-control. The Quebec lesson was clear to all - without a police force, robbery, rape and mayhem would become epidemic. Our wives and children could not venture into the streets and civilization as we know it would cease to exist.

So let us accept the fact that the men who are presently serving time are not a special breed of social non-conformists. Rather, they are members of the community who didn't make it when they boosted that bacon or balled that chick.

So much for the forces that conspire to land a small segment of social offenders in prison. In our next issue we shall examine the merits of this judicial procedure that we call our justice system. We shall consider the costs - and the returns of an elaborate prison system. And finally we shall consider the vast quantities of money that are spent on after-care agencies to undo the effects of prison and restore the individual to the community.

Bear with us, we are not attempting to put the community down nor to dignify crime. Rather, we are trying to establish a focus, to give prison inmates a clear and comprehensive identity. Unless the community understands the nature and the character of those in prisons there can be no real changes in the prison system.

* * *

Heard some good new's, everyone will be changing socks & underwear today.

Now the bad news. Jack will change with Billy, Hank will change with Norman.....

* * *

A BRIGHT LIGHT

In the prison system people come and people go; their tenure of office seldom results in any changes of note. Indeed, in many instances we find senior people installed in the prison service who do not even have a job description to guide them. Obviously, this lack of guide lines drastically curbs their effectiveness.

All to seldom we note the presence of a newcomer to the system who appears to have his course plotted, such a man has arrived in the person of Mr. Gordon Keith. Gordon is a special Canada Manpower officer, he has pitched his tent in the administration building and he is there to serve you. He is one of two such officers who have been installed in the prison system to assist inmates in planning their future. We understand that his counterpart is located in Dorchester Penitentiary.

Gordon is a personable fellow, free of the inbred negativism that is endemic in those who work in the prison system. It's downright refreshing to chat with him. In conversation with Gordon it becomes apparent that he is looking for work, he wants to get involved with all of the men here, to help organize and prepare them for their eventual release. He wants to see men early in their sentence so that he might assist them in planning their future. So to you guys who aren't sure what your future holds we say - get over to the Canada Manpower office and let him start building a file on you. One thing is certain, you can't do anything but benefit from the association.

Just keep in mind that his presence here is on an experimental basis. Let's put it together with him and thereby assure that we retain this refreshing oasis of friendly endeavour. He's your special agent - GET OUT AND MEET HIM.

***

A mind is like a parachute
it is useless unless it is open.....

***

Did you hear about the near-sighted turtle that raped an army helmet?????

***

:PILLS ANYONE:?

The concept of modern penology, if it is to be effective, requires that a sense of responsibility and maturity prevail. The history of prisons has traditionally been that in all staff - inmate relationships the concept of authoritarianism and paternalism has prevailed. Worse, in this practise of lumping everyone together the inevitable must happen - everyone is reduced to the lowest common denominator.

I had occasion to visit the bones specialist, as a result of that visit he prescribed medication. Like everyone else in the joint I had to join in the line-up in the dome where I was offered a small bottle of suspicious looking water and white powder. Like the rest of the "bug-juice" crowd I tossed that bottle back and drained the vile tasting contents. Curious, I asked as to the contents of the medication, anything tasting that bad has to be potent and exotic. The nurse informed me that I had just consumed a 282 pill crushed up in water. Anyone who wants to really get the full impact of this article is invited to chew one of these bitter pills.

Upon my enquiry as to the reason for my pill having been reduced to such a vile tasting state I was informed that it is institutional policy. I quickly made the points that I was not a drug addict, nor a child nor for that matter did I want the medication, why then couldn't I be given my medication the same way as the rest of the world gets theirs?

Of course the nurse did not have the answers, other than to point out to me that there are some men who can't be trusted to take their medication unless it is in liquid form. So on analysing the situation just what exactly do we have??

Two points immediately spring to mind. The first of course being that regardless of how responsible I might be I am nevertheless treated the same as the most irresponsible man in the joint. And the second point is that if a guy wants to save his medication (two or three issues saved give a good high) he is going to have that medication when he gets back to his cell even if he empties the bottle before the nurse. The staff know this and the inmates know this - "yet the melody lingers on."

* * *

GOT A LEGAL PROBLEM?

On October 30th we saw the commencement of a series of lectures that deal with "you and the law." On this occassion Messrs. Larson and Dunlop presented themselves as a sounding board for those men who had problems to air.

While it has already been demonstrated that the course of the evenings discussions are unpredictable there is nevertheless a discussion format for future meetings. The format is (1) Legal Aid, (2) Family Law, (3) Debt, (4) Criminal Law. With respect to the last item this will be broken down into discussions of the legal rights of inmates, sentencing, appeal to Supreme Court, the Parole Act, the Penitentiary Act, and the role of the lawyer in law.

Mr. Larson pointed out that during the previous year Law Society lawyers registered 269 interviews with men in this institution. There is no restriction on their services - just fill in a form and you will be seen.

For those of us who are always critical of the lengthy and elaborate wording in legal documents it came as no real surprise to learn that Lawyers were previously paid for their services by the word. Hence the innumerable (and unnecessary) whereas and wherefore's. A lawyer could make his expenses for the day just by throwing in a few "the party for the first part" and "the party for the second part." So there it is friends - you heard it here.

As might be expected, most of the derision was directed to the parole board. In listening to the complaints registered one gets the impression that it is not so much what the board

does that offends the men but rather the fact that the board operates as a secret agency. They are above the courts and in many cases they do not even pretend to justify their actions. When a chunk is taken out of your life and no reason is given it's a bit hard to accept.

The area that generated the next greatest interest was that of the handling of warrants. For some reason it has been held by the penitentiary authorities that if a warrant does not specify concurrent or consecutive, then it was held that the sentences were to run consecutive. It is the writers opinion that this item is going to be drawn sharply into focus.

* * *

FOCUS ON TOASTMASTERS

The name Toastmasters is a familiar one and also one filled with the tradition of self-help. In the course of 49 short years, this organization has helped men in the field of leadership and communication. The men of Toastmasters come from all walks of life; they include men of all ages, races and persuasions. All these men have one thing in common; an awareness of the need to speak well, to listen well, and to think well.

The Toastmaster Club here at Stony Mountain is named after a District 64 Governor, who, in 1968 formally brought Toastmastering inside the walls of Stony Mountain Institution by forming a Gavel Club named Secondux Gavel Club #65. In the years to follow attempts were made to convert to a full Toastmaster status. After four years of hard, dedicated work the club was finally transformed into full Toastmaster Chartership under the name of the Bob Shewring Toastmasters #1016. On February 18th, 1973, with the blessing of the Administration the Club received its Charter and thus became the first ever, Toastmaster Club within a Canadian Institution.

Toastmasters has involved more than one million men, in 3500 different clubs, covering 47 countries in the free world. These men have become community leaders, politicians and examples for other men to follow.

The World Headquarters for Toastmasters International is located in Santa Ana, California. The organization is a non-profit venture dedicated to the education of its members in the field of Leadership and Communication. A member in Toastmasters learns to be a better speaker, listener and organizer, regardless of your age, social standing, vocation or environment.

A successful club, like a successful business, requires good management at all levels of its existence. Each member is given the opportunity to develop these skills and practices at the meetings. Although each club is autonomous in the conduct of its own affairs, it is a member of Toastmasters International, and never need be on its own. Each club may be different in the initial format of its meetings but all have the expressed feeling of sharing and learning.

Toastmasters is open to any person over the age of 18 years. The only desire that we ask is the ambition for self-improvement and the willingness to help others along the way. Toastmasters celebrates 50 years of service to man and his Community in 1974. If you care about where you are going and want to be part of the action group, then Toastmastering is for you.

Although the Bob Shewring Toastmasters is inside the walls, everyone from both inside and outside is welcomed as a member. The Club meets on Monday evenings at 7:00 p.m. in the main school room. Do more in "74", become a Toastmaster.

by:....Brent "Tony" Stoner.

* * *

Did you hear about the guy who studied for two weeks for a urine test and failed it??

* * *

REFLECTION

Those of us who had the misfortune to be around in the late 50's and early 60's have certainly seen a great change in the system. Those who are new to the system cannot know the frustration that developed in the fellows when they had to lug a cold supper to their cell at 4:30 and suffer the long night alone until breakfast the next morning.

You had to live alone with your problems in those days. Each man was permitted one letter per week and the rules allowed for one half-hour visit per month. There were a few of us who kept marriages alive in spite of this virtual isolation - but most marriages went by-the-way.

Of course there was no such thing as day passes, no opportunity to shake the enervating, soul destroying atmosphere of prison. Those were the days when inmates spun out and smashed up their cells - it meant a stint in the hole but at least it broke up the killing routine. Unless you had a sympathetic friend to confide in your personal problems could become unmanageable; there was just no one else to turn to. Classification as we know it today did not exist. There was just one classification Officer, he dealt with 500 men and strangely enough - he got the job done. Today, as we look over the large classification staff we can't help but wonder how things got done in the old days. With the exception of temporary absences, and arranging a few phone calls each day, the needs of the men were essentially the same then as they are today.

Educational facilities have improved both in quantity and quality - but they have not improved with strict relevance to community standards and demands. For example, in 1957 it was generally felt that grade eight or nine was necessary if a man was to leave prison with reasonable qualifications to offer the labor market. Today a man must have no less than matriculation to be as well qualified.

Those were the days when you did not leave your shop without a pass. If you were found in the yard you could expect to be challenged by one of the guard staff. Towers were manned every day and you could bet that the guards were on their toes. The concept of how prisons were to be run differed then. The senior officers of today assume an administrative function and we see little of them in the prison itself. In the earlier days the Warden and his staff toured the prison each day; the tower guard who failed to spot the Warden on his rounds and thereby missed getting off a snappy salute could expect to be called up on the carpet. In short - it was an era of discipline and routine.

Unlike today, the guy who found himself in the hole knew that he was there for the duration. You did not do half of your time and then come out with the other half over your head as so often happens today. You did every day that the court awarded and you did it on the bread and water routine. You did not see your committee man or minister or psychiatrist, about all that you had for company was the flies. There was no reading material to take the edge off the long day as is the case now. The system was geared to punish and wear you down, all too often it succeeded.

Throughout the imprisonment process the emphasis was entirely on keeping the inmate totally cut off. Listening entertainment on the radio was closely monitored - news casts were strictly forbidden. Newspapers were not permitted and of course magazines were unheard of. Todays inmate is very often an authority on world conditions and many cells are adorned with every cutie that ever graced a center-fold.

Night exercise began in 1960 and it was with great trepidition that the staff contemplated inmates out in the yard after dark. Nevertheless it happened and after a few days everyone wondered why it had been so long in coming.

Women were seldom seen in prison under any circumstances. To a man, the guard staff predicted dire con-

sequences if women were ever employed in prisons. Today we find women employed in every job imaginable in prison. There are no female guards as yet - but that too will soon change. The major point to consider as we reflect back is that the cons took all of these changes in stride. They demonstrated that if changes were reasonable and worthwhile they were quick to accept them.

Today we note a marked propensity on the part of the inmate treatment people to concentrate on the newcomers and ignore the old timers. It is felt that they are the old hard core types, men who made no effort to go straight and therefore do not deserve the attention that can be better spent with newcomers. This just might well be the case, but for those of us who went through the wars, we can look back upon a legacy of indifference and hard line penology. We are the product of a system that failed miserably.

* * *

HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE
by James Duxter

Now that we are into winter a number of activities are opening up. The first that comes to mind is that of the Drama Club which started meeting the 17th of October. They are presently working on a one act play, named appropriately enough "Among Thieves." The Director Barry Miller who is an English Instructor has been with the club since last summer.

Have you noticed lately how free the administration has been in granting requests that the committee has put forth? In looking back over the past year the committee (s) has done a fine job in getting things done that should have been done ages ago. I am specifically mentioning the fact that the ranges are open every night, and recently permission has been granted to have the cells remain open during the recreational period. Considering that it has been approximately seven months since the "incident" I must tip the hat to those fellows who have managed not only to retain the priveledges that we had, but to gain new ones. So, let's give them our support.

Has anyone noticed how busy the Educational complex is during the evenings? With the exception of Friday evenings (movie night) there is something going on over there every week night.

On Monday there are Toastmasters. This group has carved a niche in history in that it is the first group to ever receive a charter in prison. Word has it that they are a thriving club with many new members being inducted. Not bad when you consider that it costs hard cash to join.

Have you visited the library lately? If you haven't you are missing a ressurection of sorts. Mr. Thorgrimson, the librarian has returned from a librarian's course at Red River College and he is implementing what he learned while on course. The shelves are taking on a brighter and fresher look with many new books that are popular and entertaining. Those old dust collectors that were published when Queen Victoria was a girl have disappeared from the shelves. If you like reading you will love the library.

The new university courses have caused a lot of interest among the men. Presently there are two courses in progress, Anthropology and Sociology. The U. of M. has undertaken the instruction and has made the institution an extension of the campus. Wonder when they are going to turn us co/ed? In January more courses were offered, I believe they are English and History. For those who have been aboard since the start and upon completion of the January courses - they will have themselves a full first year university credit. How things have changed behind these walls.

Some of the other evenings activities around here are, Wednesday and Thursday evenings the A.A.'s meet. On Wednesday evenings the I.M.B.O. do their thing. Monday evening gives way to group therapy,

pow-wow, music group and X-Kalay. On Tuesday's we have therapy, choir practise and the Lifer's group. On Thursday night is bible study night and Friday's we have music, pow-wow and art classes. Who says there is nothing to do here?

Now if these things don't turn you on there are sports activities galore around here. The gym has volley-ball, basket-ball, badminton, floor hockey and the movie Friday nights. With the advent of cold weather continuing the hockey rink should do a good business for those who wish to commit legal mayhem upon their fellow residents. The new curling rink is in a different spot this year. It has something to do with the vicious wind that made statues of those hardy curlers last year. Who says that the residents here are soft? Anyone who curls in thirty below weather when there is a gale blowing down their neck has to be either stark raving mad or super tough.

KISSES & HISSES (Your choice)

A spoon shortage in the mess halls. Consumming soup with a fork is a trying experience.

The chronic overcrowding in the institution is starting to worry me- I might be asked to leave.

To the Parole Board for increasing the number of their members, and (a rumor I have just started) for doubling their salary because of hazardous duty.

To the clothing manager in S.I.S. Word has it that he is hording the resident's clothing.
Ed. tsk. tsk.
Next issue we shall let Mr. Bonsel answer this one.

To the guy who thought up the idea of a guy having to go to a certain seat in the mess halls. Witness the meal parade with 50 guys lined up for one hall while the other one is empty. Witness also the newcomers (that's everybody at one time or another) who can't find a place to sit.

To the character (s) who thought up mandatory parole #"$%#"$%.

To the new A/Director. I'll throw in a kiss here - I'm not stupid - entirely.

* * *

A Brief Look at Parole

The big question on everyone's lips today is "What's with the Parole Board/?/" Our motto is "from darkness to light" but even we can't shed much light on this one. We are reluctant to engage in speculation on this question however we can discuss a few facts that are general knowledge. In the meantime we shall make an effort to get something firm on this for our next issue.

The program that the parole board embarked upon a few years ago was abruptly discontinued. The failure rate was completely unacceptable so the board - under heavy fire - abandoned their program. The travelling two-man panels were discontinued early in 1973; since then, all decisions have been rendered in Ottawa.

Day paroles for both work and study were drastically curbed. The director of this institution made an effort to keep some semblance of progress by authorizing outings via the temporary absence route. It was this authority that permitted some students to attend classes in the city and others to engage in volunteer work in the community. Without this provision, a great deal of work at the half-way houses could not have been done.

Word then came down from Ottawa that this practise was not acceptable - theparole board felt that the prison directors were usurping their authority. Consequently the temporary absence program was cut back. Those men who had been going out on a fairly regular basis were told that the board would examine their t.a. program to see if day parole was merited. The examination is now complete - all of the men who were going out from the main institution

have been shot down. What happens now is anybodys guess, but we can be sure of one thing, we will not be invited to share in any policy making decisions.

Stick with us. We will ask Ottawa to clue us in and try and get back at you for our next issue.

* * *

QUIET INTERLUDE

I spent a pleasant interlude in the new chapel this afternoon. My purpose in being there was to participate in a meeting being held in one of the bright and modern anti-rooms off the foyer.

While waiting for the meeting to start I browsed through some magazines that were neatly stacked for the convenience of those who might be waiting. A feeling of warm reverie engulfed me as soft music generated an atmosphere of relaxed casualness. As I thumbed through Time magazine prison seemed very far away and remote.

Two guards suddenly entered the foyer. Their presence struck me forceably - it was as though they were intruders - out of place and out of time. They disappeared into Father McDougall's office and I returned to my reading -but the spell had been broken.

A few moments later I found myself closeted with Father Bob - we share common literary interests. With justifiable pride he drew my attention to the bright, bar-free windows and the carpeted floors. We were in a pleasant oasis of sanity - far removed from the clamor and drabness of prison ranges and cells.

If the authorities wish to reduce the tension in the institution they might well look at the way the chapel is constructed and operated.

Ken Leishman

* * *

CHRISTMAS - NEW YEARS

This is terribly belated nevertheless we would like to convey our thanks to those who made Christmas and New Years such a memorable event. Father Bob McDougall and Rev. Alf Bell organized a Christmas party for the resident's families, it was a real fun afternoon. Santa attended of course, and all of the children received a lovely gift. Ginger the magician-clown put on a show that delighted everyone. For those men who, for various reasons could not make a pass home for Christmas the event was a real blessing.

1973 was rung down with a dance and social in the gym. This affair went off without a hitch and to the best of our knowledge everyone went home cold sober. The steward's department provided an abundance of good food that was tastefully prepared, cold drinks and coffee were readily available. Socials and dances are not common place in Canada's prisons, we are fortunate that conditions permit for them in this institution and we sincerely hope that this trend will be continued.

* * *

When Ken Leishman first came to this institution he was so confused he thought hygiene was a tall broad.

* * *

The door of opportunity does not open with an electric eye.

* * *

If you cross a sponge with a potatoe you will find it holds the gravy much better.

* * *

S. M. I. OLDTIMERS

Might it be considered presumptuous if this writer mentioned the Montreal Canadians, the Boston Bruines, and the great S.M.I. Oldtimers all in one breath? Can this greatness and perfection be attested to, by the mere fact that they remain undefeatedin the face of all formidable opposition in this the 73-74 hockey season?

Stars of such magnitude as the incomparable, JIM (gone for lunch) CARTER, BOB (Daddy long legs) HEARD, the furious TIM MAN LAHOSKY; the staunch and ardent little blue-line crew; and doesn't it just boggle the imagination to have a forward line the likes of which will never be seen again! The "chance of a lifetime line" of GEORGE (DELIGHTFULLY GORGEOUS) PLANTE, leading scorer; BOB (hat trick or any trick) HAINES; centered by that fashionable, inimitable PEE-WEE (did you see that?) CLEMENT --- along with the all super capable efforts of KEN (the chiropractor) LEISHMAN: DANNY (What's happening?) YURIE; EDDIE (Take me off! LADEROUTE, TONY (Twinkle-toes) STONER; DANNY (Shoot de puck) MORIN; DEXTER (dullskates) ADAMS; STEVE (Who's skates are dull/) SHAW: - - - and our faithful irregular regulars; JOE (onegame) POLLOCK and JOE (where are the kids?) MEECAS. All in all, one no greater than the next.

So, eat your heart out Benny Hatskin; this multitude of talent has been recognized as each individual star rests in the security of his long term contract.

SPORTS IN SHORTS

by; Jim Hyde

HOCKEY--- Near the end of yet another successful season both A and B league recently released statistics on the league's top teams and scorers.

A LEAGUE

TEAM	GP	W	L	T	PTS
OJIBWAYS	13	10	1	2	22
HABS	13	6	6	2	14
MOHAWKS	13	2	10	1	5

TOP SCORERS

PLAYER	TEAM	GP	G	A	PTS
PAUL	HABS	12	47	24	71
LITTLEJOHN	OJIBWAYS	11	27	30	57
MOSHER	MOHAWKS	12	29	16	45
MARTIN	HABS	13	14	24	38
LALIBERTE	HABS	13	17	21	38

By observing that there were quite a few goals scored by the top five scorers in A League, one could almost expect the goals-against-average to be likewise alarmingly high. Not wanting to disappoint anyone, league statistics reveal that the top goalie in A League is WASICUNA with a GAA of 4.00 --- having played in five games and allowing twenty goals.

B LEAGUE

TEAM	GP	W	L	T	PTS
WARRIORS	13	12	1	1	25
GOLDEN B.	13	7	5	1	15
FLAMES	14	4	10	0	8
ROCKETS	13	3	10	0	6

TOP SCORERS

PLAYER	TEAM	GP	G	A	PTS
COOK	ROCKETS	12	21	13	34
DANIELS	WARRIORS	13	20	14	34
KIRKRUDE	GOLDEN B.	12	17	12	29
KIMBALL	WARRIORS	10	14	13	27

League statistics show that PAISHK, the goalie of the GOLDEN B.'s is the leagues leading goalie with a GAA of 3.33 having allowed 10 goals in the 3 games he has played.

Both A and B league expect the playoffs to commence around the first or second week of February. Next issue will have full details on the semi-finals and finals.

* * *

BASKETBALL

In the fall of 1973 the institution established a first when the local basketball team was entered in the Manitoba Intermediate basketball league. With the exception of one game which was played in the city against the police squad all of the games are played in the institution. (The fellows are all pretty attached to this place and they just hate to leave). After 12 games our boys have a 5 win and 7 loss record - good enough for a fourth place position in the league.

The league consists of 14 teams and is divided into two divisions; east and west. Our squad plays two games against each of the teams in their division and one game against each team in the other division. When all of these games are completed the four top teams will enter into the semi-finals and finals.

Teams stats after 12 games are as follows:

PLAYER	S.	B.	%.	RBDS.	PTS.
ARNOTT	178	72	34.8	31	143
PILKINGTON	143	67	39.9	68	136
PIGGOTT	72	43	48.6	59	92
CAPLETTE	112	38	33.9	69	78
MCKINNEY	58	27	41.4	59	52
SPIERS	33	12	35.4	28	28
RILEY	27	12	44.4	18	27
RABISCAH	38	13	34.2	12	26
PARISIEN	40	11	27.5	29	25

* * *

CURLING:

Each winter, approximately 10 to 12 "die-hards" band together and form the nucleus for what will become the S.M.I. Curling Club. Apart from having to contend with freezing temperatures and overabundance of that white-stuff, games do manage to get played and games somehow are won.

The season began with the forming of teams and a double-knock-out bonspiel. After much delay because of inclement weather the bonspiel concluded and the winners were the LAHOSKY rink, which is comprised of TINNY LAHOSKY, BILL YOUNG, PEE-WEE CLEMENT AND GEORGE PLANTE. They went without a defeat throughout the entire bonspiel. The final game saw them defeat the DUNN rink by a score of 7 to 6.

Plans are under way for a larger bonspiel - - weather permitting, and hopefully some outside competition will be coming in to match their skills against the masters of S.M.I.

In closing this brief article, on behalf of the curlers of S.M.I. sincerest thanks is extended to PEE WEE CLEMENT and WAYNE RILEY for their work on the curling ice--- preparing it for the curlers. Your efforts have not gone by unnoticed.

* * *

IT WAS A "DRAW"

On Saturday, February 2nd, a curling rink from Winnipeg braved a mini-blizzard and sub zero temperatures to tangle with the local "Residents".

The rock tossing contest was led by 'blood and guts' Gordon Keith from the Stony Manpower Centre and backed up by Jolly (Poker Joe" Stevens from the John Howard and Elizabeth Fry Society of Man. The contest, taking place on sheet 1 of an outdoor curling rink hosted resident players; Dennis 'Bean-Pole" Shellenberg, George 'Mustache the Barber' Plante, Pee Wee Clement and Tinny Lahosky. Due to the cold, back up man, Old Bill Young begged

off with a two day pass.

The games consisted of four ends, two out of three; and not reading the ice, the snow, the wind, or the cold, the visitors lost the first contest by a frozen and chilly squeaky margin of 11 to 0.

After thawing out in the Sports Shack and dumping "Poker-Joe", the City Slickers urged on by Skip Gordon Keith won the second contest in a hair raising fashion by the score of 4 to 3.

Time and the elements took over at this stage and the Rubber Match will be played, the visitors picking the date. We will be here.

Thank You.

* * *

Ed. For those of you who do not know Allan we would like to inform you that he enjoys the distinction of having a book of his poetry published. We offer you one of the extracts from that book. We are very likely the only penal publication in existance who can claim to a have a resident poet. Move over U of M.

Lovers and Losers

by. S. Allan Mann 73

Something was missing.
All those incomparable memories of small
towns passed by like the rushing winds
searching for the stillness. .. .
more quickly than before
but slower than the next. Time and its
scars creased their journey from the iris
down to the cheeks of pain and loneliness.
But the beach was there.
That togetherness . . . that reunion
more binding than the love of a thousand
marriages carved from cupids mould
and sent straightway into the hearts
of lovers and losers and carriages
of infantile rejuvenation.
The water was cold.
When distance had failed all else
it couldn't wait for the blood of a lover
and loser and coming fall was its fuel . .
to consummate the unholyness of divorce
it found new ways to plunder
and ravage the seed of belongingness
for the lovers and losers subjected to rule . .
Where lovers abound .. losers abound more.

" the pinch-ree "

by: Allan Mann

The small boy was tired of his fire truck and the hot lazy sun pouring through the big living-room window had made him decide to terminate his activity. He suddenly needed something very badly, something only a mother could give him. He went into the kitchen and, silently from behind the small partition he watched his mother as she mixed batter in a large, round dish. And the little boy said:

"Mommy, where is my brother ? "

His mother was startled, her son's voice seemingly coming out of nowhere. Turning, she placed the big, red dish by the sink and asked her inquisitive son:

" Why ? "

" Because I miss him. " replied the small boy.

And mother seeing the innocence in her small son's eyes, stepped toward her son and knelt down to his side. She spoke slowly and softly:

" You're a big boy now. Perhaps you should know. "

" Mommy, where is my brother ? " the little boy asked once more, his voice quivering with the plea.

" Your brother is far away. " she began. " He is in a place with other people. "

" What does he do there, Mommy ?"

" Well, son, he works. " She thought for a few seconds and then continued, " He works so that he may learn better. "

" Does he work just like Daddy ? "

" Yes son, he works just like Daddy. " she replied with a faint smile on her mouth.

" Does he have holidays just like Daddy, too ? "

" Well, I suppose he does, son. "

The small boy was immediately prepared for his next question.

" Then why doesn't he come home ? "

Mother thought for a few seconds, wondering how much longer she could prolong what her son really wanted to know.

" He can't come home, son. At least not right now. "

" When ? "

" Oh, it's hard to say. But it won't be long, son. "

The small boy continued to look into his mother's face, searching her eyes for the love, the understanding, the answer.

" Is this place a store like Daddy's ? "

" No, son. " the she added after a pause: " this place is called a penitentiary. "

" A what ? " he asked.

" A penitentiary. " repeated his mother.

" It must be a great big place, eh Mommy ? " asked the little boy with a cute smile on his face.

His mother was intrigued by his question and his corresponding smile and asked:

" Why do you say it must be big son ? "

" Because it has a big name ! " replied the small boy.

Both mother and son smiled at each other, the small boy putting his hand to his mouth to supress a giggle brought on by his mother's wide grin. Again, the little boy picked up the conversation.

" Can I go and see him someday, Mommy ? "

" Sometime dear, but not right now. "

She reached out with her left hand and gently fondled his soft cheek in a way that only a mother could.

The small boy thought for awhile and then brightly asked:

" Can I go and live there when I get big like Daddy ? "

His mother froze in her movement. Her son's question had completely caught her off guard and she found herself in a strange position; a position she had never expected to find herself.

" Can I, Mommy ? " he asked again.

His mother could think of nothing to say, but finally after a long pause she asked:

" Wouldn't you rather live here with Daddy and Mommy so we can all be together ? "

But even as she spoke those cruel, questioning words she knew they would not be sufficient for her son's innocent and inquiring mind.

" But my brother's not here, Mommy ! " his voice almost a whine.

The mother watched helplessly as her son searched for the word he wanted to say, and then, in a way that a small boy might when he finds difficult with everything, he added:

"He's in that p . . . . pinch-ree ! "

Tears started to form at the corners of his eyes and he raised his hands to hide his face, shielding his watery eyes so that his mother wouldn't see. Slowly, and with great affection, his mother wrapped her arms around him and hugged his body, pulling it close to her warmth.

" C'mon baby, " she whispered into his ear. " Time for you to get some sleep. "

Reluctantly, the small boy followed his mother out of the kitchen and up the stairs leading to the bedroom. His mother fixed the blankets while he undressed and slipped into his pajamas. Nearing the foot of the bed, he knelt to the floor and folded his hands in prayer, a ritual he had begun not long ago. His mother watched --- as she always did.

" Dear Lord, thank you for the good things we received today: the food and the love. Bless my Mommy and my Daddy and my dog Kelly. . .. . .

His mother --- watching from a short distance --- smiled softly as he recited his prayer; a prayer taught him not long ago and one he had no difficulty in remembering. At the point where he was blessing his friends and their pets, she readied herself for the upcoming 'amen' so that she could tuck him into bed. But she suddenly stopped as he continued past Freddy's pet hampster.

. . . . . and dear Lord, bless my brother in the pinch-ree. Please make him learn his work fast so that he can get lots of holidays like Daddy and we can all be one big family. Mommy says I can't go so I guess you have to make my brother learn extra fast to come home sooner. Bless his friends in the pinch-ree and the people he works with, Lord, and if they work hard give them some holidays, too. Thank you, Lord. Amen. "

My Darling:

I have been lying here quietly in my cell - the light is out because I find that the darkness softens the realities of prison. During moments like this your presence seems ever so much nearer.

Alone like this I can reflect on us, on how important and precious you are to me. I have never been very good at telling you these things, perhaps because I felt that you instinctively realized them. We were always so involved, so intimate with each other-words just didn't seem necessary.

But of course that's quite different now. Since this is my first offence I am told that we can realistically expect a parole in one year. Without you - that is a lifetime. You are constantly on my mind, so much so that I am tormented. And I am afraid - afraid that my presence will grow less important to you.

You live in a world of temptation, there will be pressures put upon you that I will not experience nor fully appreciate. But I am aware, and dearest, I pray that like myself - you too will draw strength from our tender memories. Let me say it now, "I love you beyond words - you are my life."

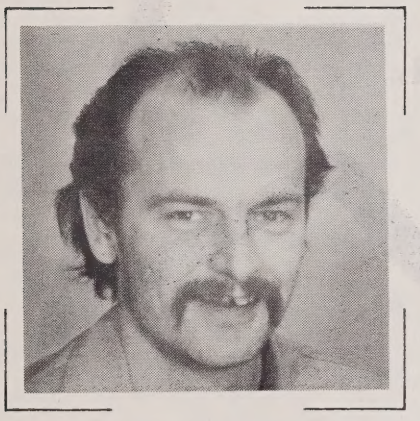
When next we visit I may not be able to put my feeling into words, you know how tongue tied I get. I've always been clumsy that way - and I hate myself for it. But when we are together words really don't seem so important; they are terribly important now.

Please come early for our next visit, I will count the minutes till then.

Your loving husband

Morley Crabb

Dennis Schellenberg



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Brent Stoner

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